

LXXXV.C.1

CONCERTS

11784.e.1.

OF

ANTIEN T MUSIC,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

NEW-ROOMS, TOTTENHAM-STREET,

M. DCC. LXXXIV.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR W. L E E,

By HENRY REYNELL, (No. 21,) PICCADILLY,
NEAR THE HAY-MARKET.



ANTIENT MUSIC
The PERFORMANCES of the



Right Honorable and the
DIRECTORS OF THE SAME;

And most humbly presenting to the subscribers

BY HENRY RAYMOND, Esq.
W. D. E.
No. 44, WICKHAM STREET,
CAVENDISH SQUARE.

The PERFORMANCES of the
A N T I E N T M U S I C,
For the SEASON 1784,

PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF THE
Right Honourable and Honourable

T H E
D I R E C T O R S O F T H E S A M E ;

And most humbly presented to the SUBSCRIBERS,

By their most dutiful,

Most obedient, and

Very humble Servant,

No. 44, WIGMORE-STREET,
CAVENDISH-SQUARE.

W. L E E.

A
L I S T
OF THE
DIRECTORS AND SUBSCRIBERS
TO THE
ANTIENT MUSIC,
In TOTTENHAM-STREET, 1784.

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Earl of Exeter.		Right Hon. Humphrey Morrice.
Earl of Uxbridge.		Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, Bart.
Lord Viscount Dudley and Ward.		Sir Richard Jebb, Bart.

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 Way, Mr.
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 Woodcock, Mr.
 Woodcock, Mrs.
 Weſt, Mrs.
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 Winford, Miſs
 Wyndham, Mrs.
 Young, Sir George
 Young, Lady
 Yates, Lady
 Yorke, Hon. Mrs.

Under the Direction of the East of Scotland

Gold

Over the

Gold

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Gold

Gold

Gold

Gold

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Gold

Gold

Under the Direction of the Earl of *Sandwich*,
for the Earl of *Exeter*.

Monday, February 2d, 1784.

Concert of Antient M U S I C.

A C T I.

Overture, with the dead March in Saul. *Handel.*

Quartetto. When the Ear heard her } *Funeral* } *Handel.*
Chorus. How are the Mighty fallen } *Anthem*

Glee. Hush to Peace.

Dr. Arne.

6th Concerto, Op. 5^{ta}.

Martini.

Duet and Chorus. Caro, Bella (*Julius Cæsar*) *Handel.*

Song. Non so d'onde viene.

Bach.

Solo. For ever blessed } *Jephtha*
Chorus. Theme sublime }

Handel.

A C T II.

Overture, *Ariodante.*

Handel.

Air and Chorus. Softly rife (*Solomon*)

Dr. Boyce.

Stabat Mater.

D' Astorga.

Under the Direction of the Earl of Sandwich
for the
May 1784



Concert of Ancient Music

ACT I

Overture, with the orchestra in Saul Handel
 Chorale When the Bar heard her (Barnard)
 Chorale How are the Mighty (Barnard)
 Chorale Hail to thee (Barnard)
 Chorale O Saviour (Barnard)
 Duet and Chorus Caro, Bella (William Corelli) Handel
 Chorale Hail to thee (Barnard)
 Chorale Hail to thee (Barnard)
 Chorale Hail to thee (Barnard)

ACT II

Overture, Andante Handel
 Chorale Hail to thee (Barnard)
 Chorale Hail to thee (Barnard)
 Chorale Hail to thee (Barnard)

A C T I.

Q U A R T E T T O.

Handel.

WHEN the Ear heard her, then it blessed her; and
when the Eye saw her, it gave Witness of her.

C H O R U S.

How are the Mighty fallen ! She that was great among the
Nations, and Princess of the Provinces ! She delivered the Poor
that cried, the Fatherless, and him that had none to help him.
Kindness, Meekness, and Comfort were in her Tongue ; if
there was any Virtue, and if there was any Praise, she thought
on those Things.

G L E E.

Dr. Arne.

HUSH to Peace each ruder Wind,
Purling Rills in Silence roll,
While on rosy Bed reclin'd,
Sleeps the Charmer of my Soul.

Da Capo.

(4)

Chaste DIANA watch my Treasure,
Guard her Beauty from Alarms;
Let no Satyr's brutal Pleasure
Dare invade her blooming Charms.

SOMNUS, God of balmy Rest,
Sweetly slumb'ring, let her prove
Ev'ry Joy which STREPHON blest,
Cou'd bestow in waking Love.

Da Capo.

D U E T, Two Miss A B R A M S.

*Caro,
Bella,*

Handel.

PIÙ amabile beltà
Mai non si troverà
Del tuo bel volto.

In me. Non splenderà

In te. Nè amor nè fedeltà

Da te disciolto.

Da Capo.

C H O R U S.

Ritorni o mai nel nostro core
La bella Gioia ed'il piacer.
Sgombrato è il sen d'ogni dolore,
Ciascun ritorni ora à oder.

Da Capo.

(5)

D U E T.

Un bel contento il fengia si prepara,
Se tu farai costante ognor per me,
Così forti d'al cor la doglia amara,
E sol vi resta amor, costanza, è fè.

Da Capo.

SONG, Mr. HARRISON.

Bach.

NON so d'onde viene
Quel tenero affetto
Quel moto che ignoto
Minasce nell petto ;
Quel gel che le vene
Scorrenno mi và.
Seno a destarmi
Si fieri contrasti
Non par mi che basti
La sola pietà.

Da Capo.

((6))

SONG, Mr. HARRISON.

Handel.

FOR ever blessed be thy holy Name, Lord God of Israel.

CHORUS.

Theme sublime of endless Praise !

Just and righteous are thy Ways ;

And thy Mercies still endure

Ever faithful, ever sure.

A

C

T

II

AIR, Mr. HARRISON.

Dr. Boyce.

SOFTLY rise, O southern Breeze,

And kindly fan the blooming Trees

Upon my spicy Garden blow,

That Sweets from ev'ry Part may flow.



(7)

C H O R U S.

Ye southern Breezes gently blow,
That Sweets from ev'ry Part may flow.

C H O R U S.

D' Astorga.

STABAT Mater dolorosa,
Juxta crucem, lacrymosa,
Dum pendebat Filius.
Cujus animam gementem,
Contristatam & dolentem,
Pertransiit gladius.

T R I O.

O quam tristis & afflicta,
Fuit illa Benedicta,
Mater Unigeniti !
Quam merebat & dolebat,
Pia Mater dum videbat,
Nati poenas incliti !

D U E T T O.

Quis est homo qui non flet,
Matrem Christi, si videret,
In tanto supplicio ?

Quis non posset contristari,
Matrem Christi contemplari,
Dolentem cum Filio ?
Pro peccatis suæ gentis,
Vidit Jesum in tormentis,
Et flagellis subditum :
Vidit suum dulcem Natum,
Moriendo desolatum,
Dum emisit spiritum.

C H O R U S.

Eja Mater ! fons amoris,
Me sentire vim doloris
Fac, ut tecum lugeam :
Fac ut ardeat cor meum,
In amando Christum Deum,
Ut sibi complaceam.

A I R.

Sancta Mater, istud agas,
Crucifixi fige plagas ;
Cordi meo validè ;

Tui Nati vulnerati,
 Tam dignati pro me pati,
 Poenas mecum divide.

D U E T T O.

Fac me tecum pié flere,
 Crucifixo condolere,
 Donec ego vixero.
 Juxta crucem tecum stare,
 Et me tibi fociare,
 In planctu desidero.

C H O R U S.

Virgo virginum præclara,
 Mihi jam non sis amara :
 Fac me tecum plangere.
 Fac ut portem Christi mortem
 Passionis fac consortem,
 Et plagas recolare,

A I R.

Fac me plagis vulnerari,
 Fac me cruce inebriari,
 Et cruore Filii ;
 Flammis ne urar succensus,
 Per Te, Virgo, sim defensus
 In die judicii.

C H O R U S.

Christe, cum sitiam exire,
 Da per Matrem me venire,
 Ad palmam victoriæ,
 Quando corpus morietur
 Fac ut anima donetur,
 Paradisi Gloriâ.

AMEN.

F I N I S.



2.)

Under the Direction of the Earl of *Sandwich*.

Monday, February 9th, 1784.

Concert of Antient M U S I C.

A C T I.

Overture, *Admetus* 1st, with the March
in *Richard*. *Handel.*

Glee. (Alluding to a Story recorded of Princess
Elizabeth, when Prisoner at *Woodstock*,
1554.) *L. Marenzio.*

The Music in the *Tempest*. *Purcell.*

3^d Concerto, Op. 8^{va}. *Martini.*

Fear no Danger (*Dido and Æneas*) *Purcell.*

Song. *Vo folcando* (*Artaxerxes*) *Vinci.*

Chorus. The many rend (*Alexander's Feast*) *Handel.*

A C T II.

Overture, *Julius Cæsar*. *Handel.*

Glee. Melting Airs. *Dr. Hayes.*

Scene. Hither this Way (*King Arthur*) *Purcell.*

2^d Concerto, Op. 11^{ma}. *Martini.*

Song. *Cara sposa* (*Rhadamistus*) *Handel.*

Chorus. When his loud Voice (*Jephtha*) *Handel.*

Under the Direction of the Earl of Pembroke

Concert of Music



Overture, Adagio, by Mendelssohn

Gluck, Allegretto, in G major, for Piano and Violoncello

2d Concerto, Op. 10, No. 3, by Chopin

Chorus, The merry and the sad

A. C. T. II

Overture, John Brown

Gluck, Meeting Air

Chorus, When his last voice

A C T I.

G L E E.

L. Marenzio.

✓ **W**ILL you hear how once repining,
Great ELIZA Captive lay ?
Each ambitious Thought resigning,
Foe to Riches, Pomp, and Sway.
While the Nymphs and Swains delighted,
Tript around in all their Pride ;
Envyng Joys, by others slighted,
Thus the Royal Maiden cry'd.

Hark, to yonder Milk-Maid sing,
Chearly o'er the brimming Pail ;
Cowslips all around her springing,
Sweetly paint the Golden Vale.
Never yet did Courtly Maiden
Move so sprightly, look so fair ;
Never Breast with Jewels laden,
Pour a Song so void of Care.

(4)

Wou'd indulgent Heav'n had granted
Me some rural Damsel's Part ;
All the Empire I had wanted,
Then had been my Shepherd's Heart.
Then with him o'er Hills and Mountains,
Free from Fetters, might I rove ;
Fearless taste the Chrystal Fountains,
Peaceful sleep beneath the Grove.

A I R.

Purcell.

COME unto these yellow Sands,
And there take Hands ;
Foot it featly here and there,
And let the rest the Burthen bear.

C H O R U S.

Hark ! hark !
The Watch-Dogs bark :
Hark ! I hear
The Strain of Chanticleer.

C H O R U S.

Around, around we pace
About this cursed Place ;

(5)

While thus we compass in
These Mortals and their Sin.

A I R.

Full Fathom five thy Father lies,
Of his Bones are Coral made ;
Those are Pearls that were his Eyes ;
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a Sea Change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-Nymphs hourly ring his Knell ;
Hark ! now I hear them ding dong bell.

C H O R U S.

Sea-Nymphs hourly ring his Knell ;
Hark ! now I hear them ding dong bell.

A I R.

Kind Fortune smiles, and she
Hath yet in Store for thee,
Some strange Felicity ;
Follow me, and you shall see.

A I R.

See, see the Heavens smile,
With Clouds no more o'er cast ;
In this now happy Isle,
Are all our Sorrows past.

Da Capo.

(6)

QUARTETTO.

Where the Bee sucks there lurk I,
In a Cowflip's Bed I lye,
There I couch when Owls do cry ;
On the Bat's Back do I fly,
After Sun-set, merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now,
Under the Bloffom that hangs on the Bough.

A I R.

Halcyon Days now Storms are ending,
You shall find whene'er you fail ;
Tritons all the while attending,
With a kind and gentle Gale,
Safely guard you to the Shore,
And your Peace and Joy restore.

C H O R U S.

No Stars again shall hurt you from above,
But all your Days shall pass in Peace and Love.

Purcell.

FEAR no Danger to ensue,
 The Hero loves as well as you ;
 Ever gentle, ever smiling,
 And the Cares of Life beguiling :
 Cupids strew your Paths with Flowers,
 Gathered from Elyfian Bowers.

SONG, Miss ABRAMS.

Vinci.

VO solcando un mar crudele,
 Senza vele, e senza farte ;
 Freme l'onda, il ciel s'imbruna,
 Cresce il vento, e manca l'arte,
 E il volar della fortuna
 Son costretto a seguirar.
 Infelice in questo stato
 Son da tutti abbandonato ;
 Meco e sola l'Innocenza
 Che me porta a naufragar.

Da Capo.

C H O R U S.

Handel.

THE many rend the Skies with loud Applause,
 So Love was crown'd, but Music won the Cause.

A C T II.

G L E E.

Dr. Hayes.

MELTING Airs soft Joys inspire,
Airs for drooping Hope to hear :
Melting as a Lover's Pray'r,
Joys to flatter dull Despair,
And softly soothe the am'rous Fire.

Da Capo.

A I R.

Purcell.

HITHER this Way bend,
Trust not that malicious Fiend ;
Those are false deluding Lights, .
Wafted far and near by Sprites ;
Trust 'em not, for they'll deceive ye,
And in Bogs and Marshes leave ye.

(9)

C H O R U S.

Hither this Way bend.

S O L O.

If you step, no Danger thinking,
Down you fall a Furlong sinking ;
'Tis a Fiend who has annoy'd ye,
Name but Heav'n and he'll avoid ye.

C H O R U S.

Hither this Way bend,
Trust not that malicious Fiend.

S O L O.

Let not a Moon-born Elf mislead ye,
From your Prey and from your Glory ;
Too far, alas ! he has betray'd ye,
Follow the Flames that wave before ye,
Sometimes Sev'n and sometimes One,
Hurry, hurry, hurry on.

See the Foot-steps plain appearing,
That Way Oswald chose for flying ;
Firm is the Turf and fit for bearing,
Where yonder pearly Dews are lying ;

(10)

Far he cannot hence be gone,
Hurry, hurry, hurry on.

C H O R U S.

Hither this Way bend,
Trust not that malicious Fiend.

S O N G, Mr. H A R R I S O N.

Handel.

CARA sposa, amato bene
Prendi speme
Che non sempre irato il cielo
Volgerà lo sdegno in me.
Sgombro oh Dio dal nobil Core
Il dolore ch'il vederti lagrimare,
Fà tremar lo spirto è'l pie.

Da Capo.

(II)

C H O R U S.

Handel.

WHEN his loud Voice in Thunder spoke,
With conscious Fear the Billows broke,
Observant of his dread Command :
In vain they roll their foaming Tide,
Confin'd by that great Power
That gave them Strength to roar.
They now contract their boist'rous Pride,
And lash with idle Rage the laughing Strand.

F I N I S.

Handel's Messiah

Handel's Messiah

Handel's Messiah

Handel's Messiah

Handel's Messiah

Handel's Messiah

Handel's Messiah

Handel's Messiah

Handel's Messiah

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Handel's Messiah



Under the Direction of Sir *Watkin Williams Wynn*, Bart. for Lord Viscount *Fitzwilliam*.

Monday, February 16th, 1784.

Concert of Antient M U S I C.

A C T I.

2d Hautboy Concerto. *Handel.*

Glee. Canst thou love and live alone. *T. Ravenscroft.*

Song. Pleasure my former (*Time and Truth*) *Handel.*

6th Concerto. *Gem. Corelli.*

Song. Son qual nave (*Artaxerxes*) *Hasse.*

Anthem. Have Mercy upon me, O God. *Handel.*

A C T II.

5th Grand Concerto. *Handel.*

Recit. & { *Jehovah, Lord,* } { *Israel in* } *Handel.*
Air. { *Lord God of Hosts,* } { *Egypt.* }

Solo and Chorus. *Jehovah crowned* (*Esther*) *Handel.*

4th Concerto, Op. 5^{ta}. *Martini.*

Song. *Rendi il sereno* (*Sofarmes*) *Handel.*

Chorus and Song. *How excellent thy Name,*
(*Saul*) *Handel.*

Under the Direction of Sir Walter Williams
Wm. Bart. for Lord V. & F. & C.



Concert of Ancient Music.

A C T I.

2d Hanboy Concerto.
Händel.
Glee. Canst thou love and live alone. T. Rogerscroft.
Song. Pleasure my former (Tins and Tins) Händel.
3th Concerto.
Goun. Correll.
Song. Son d'au have (Soprano).
Händel.
Anthem. Have Mercy upon me, O God.
Händel.

A C T II.

5th Grand Concerto.
Händel.
Recit. & Jehovah, Lord.
Air. Lord God of Hosts. Händel.
Solo and Chorus. Jehovah crowned (Händel).
4th Concerto, Op. 5.
Händel.
Song. Rendì il tereno (Soprano).
Händel.
Chorus and Song. How excellent thy Name.
Händel.
(Soprano).

A C T I.

C A N Z O N E T.

T. Ravenscroft.

CANST thou love and live alone,

Love is so disgrac'd,

Pleasure is best,

When you can rest

In a Heart embrac'd.

Rise Day-light, do not burn out,

Bells now ring,

And Birds do sing,

'Tis only I that mourn out.

Morning Star doth now appear,

Wind is hush'd, and Sky is clear,

Come away, canst thou love,

Then burn out Day.

Rise Day-light, do not burn out,

Bells now ring,

And Birds do sing,

'Tis only I that mourn out.

(4)

SONG, Mr. HARRISON.

Handel.

PLEASURE, my former Ways resigning,
To Virtue's Cause inclining,
Thee, Pleasure, now I leave :
Left when my Spirits fail me,
Repentance can't avail me,
Nor Sicknefs Comfort give.

Da Capo.

SONG, Miss ABRAMS.

Hasse.

SON qual nave che agitata
Da piu fiogli in mezzo all'onde,
Si confonde e spaventata
Va folcando in alto mar.
Ma in vader l'amato Lido
Lascia l'onde, e il vento infido
E va in Porto a riposar.

TRIO and CHORUS. *Handel.*

HAVE Mercy upon me, O God, after thy great Goodness;
according to the Multitude of thy Mercies, do away my
Offences.

(5)

D U E T T O.

Wash me thoroughly from my Wickedness, and cleanse me from my Sin.

S O L O V E R S E.

Against thee only have I sinned, and done this Evil in thy Sight, that thou mightest be justified in thy Saying, and clear when thou art judged.

C H O R U S.

Thou shalt make me hear of Joy and Gladness, that the Bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.

S O L O V E R S E.

Make me a clean Heart, O God, and renew a right Spirit within me; cast me not away from thy Presence, and take not thy holy Spirit from me.

O give me the Comfort of thy Help again, and 'stablish me with thy free Spirit.

C H O R U S.

Then shall I teach thy Ways unto the Wicked, and Sinners shall be converted unto thee.

A C T II.

✓ RECITATIVE, Miss HARWOOD.

Handel.

JEHOVAH, Lord, how great, how wond'rous great, how glorious is thy Name through all the Earth; when I behold thy Heav'ns, thy Finger's Art, the Moon and Stars which thou so bright hast set in the pure Firmament; then saith my Heart, O! what is Man that thou rememb'rest him?

A I R.

Lord God of Hosts, to whom the Pray'r
Of contrite Souls is dear;
Thou God, our Shield, propitious prove,
And thy Anointed hear.

(7)

R E C I T. accompanied.

Handel.

JEHOVAH crowned with Glory bright,
Surrounded with eternal Light
Whose Ministers are Flames of Fire;
Arise and execute thine Ire.

C H O R U S.

He comes, he comes to end our Woes,
And pour his Vengeance on our Foes.
Earth trembles, lofty Mountains nod;
Jacob arise, and meet thy God.

Handel.

RENDI il sereno al ciglio,
Madre, non pianger piu.
Temer d' alcun periglio
Oggi come puoi tu?

Da Capo.

C H O R U S.

Handel.

HOW excellent thy Name, O Lord!
In all the World is known!
Above all Heav'ns, O King ador'd,
How hast thou set thy glorious Throne?

(8)

A I R, Miss A B R A M S.

An infant rais'd by thy Command,
To quell thy Rebel Foes,
Could fierce Goliath's dreadful Hand
Superior in the Fight oppose.

T R I O C H O R U S.

Along the Monster Atheist strode,
With more than human Pride;
And Armies of the living God,
Exulting in his Strength, defy'd.

F U L L C H O R U S.

The Youth inspir'd by Thee, O Lord,
With Ease the Boaster flew;
Our fainting Courage soon restor'd,
And Headlong drove that impious Crew.

How excellent thy Name, O Lord!
In all the World is known!
Above all Heav'ns, O King ador'd,
How hast Thou set thy glorious Throne?

H A L L E L U J A H.

F I N I S.

No. 4.)
Under the Direction of the Earl of *Sandwich*,
for Lord Viscount *Dudley* and *Ward*.

Monday, February 23d, 1784.

Concert of Antient M U S I C.

A C T I.

Overture, <i>Jephtha</i> .	<i>Handel.</i>
Glee. <i>Fairest Isle</i> .	<i>Purcell.</i>
Anthem. <i>Hear my Prayer</i> .	<i>Kent.</i>
3d Concerto.	<i>Corelli.</i>
Air and { <i>Return, O God of Hosts!</i> }	<i>Samson. Handel.</i>
Chorus. { <i>To Dust his Glory</i> . }	
Ode on <i>Queen Mary's Birth-Day</i> .	<i>Purcell.</i>

A C T II.

Overture, <i>Justin</i> .	<i>Handel.</i>
Round. <i>Chi mai d'inique stella</i> .	<i>Buononcini.</i>
Song. <i>Where e'er you walk (Semele)</i>	<i>Handel.</i>
Gloria in excelsis.	<i>Negri.</i>

Under the Direction of the Earl of Sandwich
for Lord Wilton and Wm.



Concert of Ancient Music

A C T I

Overture, Jephtha.
Glee, Israelite.
 Anthem, Hear my Prayer.
3d Concerto.
Air and (Return, O God of Hosts)
Chorus, To Dull his Glory.
Ode on Queen Mary's Birth-Day.

A C T II

Overture, Judith.
Round, O the maid in the field.
Song, 77th Psalm.
I hope shall be renowned for Love.

A C T I.

Purcell.

FAIREST Isle, all Isles excelling,
Seat of Pleasures, and of Loves;
Venus here will chuse her Dwelling,
And forsake her Cyprian Groves.
Cupid from his fav'rite Nation
Care and Envy will remove,
Jealousy that poisons Passion,
And Despair that dies for Love.
Gentle Murmurs, sweet complaining,
Sighs that blow the Fire of Love;
Soft Repulses, kind Disdaining,
Shall be all the Pains you prove.
Ev'ry Swain shall pay his Duty,
Grateful ev'ry Nymph shall prove;
And as these excel in Beauty,
Those shall be renown'd for Love.

(4)

D U E T, The Miss A B R A M S.

Kent.

HEAR my Prayer, O God, and hide not thyself from my
Petition.

A I R.

Take Heed unto me, and hear me, how I mourn in my
Prayer, and am vexed.

R E C I T A T I V E.

My Heart is disquieted within me, and the Fear of Death
is fallen upon me.

D U E T and C H O R U S.

Then I said, O that I had Wings like a Dove, then would
I flee away, and be at Rest.

A I R, Miss A B R A M S, Junior.

Handel.

RETURN, O God of Hosts ! behold

Thy Servant in Distress ;

His mighty Grievs redress ;

Nor by the Heathen be it told :

(5)

C H O R U S.

To Dust his Glory they wou'd tread,
And number him amongst the Dead.

Purcell.

CELEBRATE this Festival,
Hark the Muses and the Graces call
Celebrate this Festival.
Britain, now thy Cares beguile,
Bless the Day that bless'd our Isle.
'Tis sacred ; bid the Trumpet cease ;
Let fullen Discord smile,
Let War devote this Day to Peace.
Expected Spring at last is come,
Attired in all her youthful Bloom.
She's come, and pleads for her Delay :
She waited for Maria's Day,
Nor wou'd before that Morn be gay.
April, who 'till now has mourn'd,
Claps with Joy his fable Wing,
To see within his Orb return'd,
The choicest Blessings he could bring,
Maria's Birth-Day and the Spring.
Departing thus you'll hear him say,
I envy not the Pride of May,
Crown'd with the Honours of thy Day.

On Flora's Charms let her enlarge;
 A Saint and Beauty was my Charge.
 Happy Realm beyond expressing,
 Such a Royal Pair possessing,
 Britain, if thou knowest thy Blessing.
 Home-bred Faction ne'er alarm thee,
 Other Mischiefs cannot harm thee.
 Cæsar bears the Toils of War;
 Maria thy domestic Care:
 Theirs the Trouble, thine the Blessing,
 Happy Realm beyond expressing,
 Such a Royal Pair possessing.
 While for a Righteous Cause he arms,
 The wond'rous Hero 'scapes
 From Death in thousand Shapes,
 Still safe, still foremost in Alarms.—
 Return, fond Muse, the Thoughts of War
 On this auspicious Day forbear,
 When Britain should her Joy proclaim;
 And to disarm approaching Harm,
 Repeat Maria's Name.
 Kindly treat Maria's Day,
 And your Homage 'twill repay.
 Bequeathing Blessings on our Isle,
 The tedious Minutes to beguile;
 'Till Conquest to Maria's Arms restore
 Peace, and her Hero to depart no more.

A C T II.

R O U N D.

Buononcini.

CHI mai d'iniqua stella
Provò tenor più rio
Che vide mai del mio
Più tormentato cor.
Tradito son da quella
Che fù la prima oh Dio !
Da ch'imparo il cor mio
A sospirar d'amor.

S O N G, Mr. H A R R I S O N. *Handel.*

WHERE e'er you walk cool Gales shall fan the Glade,
Trees where you sit shall croud into a Shade ;
Where e'er you tread the blushing Flow'rs shall rise,
And all Things flourish where e'er you turn your Eyes.

Da Capo.

C H O R U S.

Negri.

✓
GLORIA in excelsis, Deo Gloria : Et in terrâ pax, Homi-
nibus bona Voluntas.

D U E T T O.

Laudamus Te, benedicimus Te, adoramus Te, glorificamus Te.

A I R.

Gratias agimus Tibi, propter magnum gloriam tuam.

C H O R U S.

Domine Deus, Rex Cœlestis, Deus Pater Omnipotens.
Domine Fili, Unigeniti Jesu Christe,

A I R.

Domine Deus, Agnus Dei, Filius Patris.

C H O R U S.

Qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis. Qui tollis peccata
mundi, suscipe deprecationem nostram.

A I R.

Qui sedes ad dextram Patris, miserere nobis.

C H O R U S.

Quoniam Tu solus sanctus, Tu solus Dominus, Tu solus
altissimus, Jesu Christe, cum sancto Spiritu, in gloria Dei
Patris. Amen.

F I N I S.

No. 5.)

Under the Direction of Lord Paget.

Monday, March 1st, 1784.

Concert of Antient M U S I C.

A C T I.

Overture, in Samson.	<i>Handel.</i>
1st Chorus and Song (<i>ditto</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
Glee. Fair, sweet, cruel.	<i>Ford.</i>
Song. Non negar.	<i>Hasse.</i>
10th Grand Concerto.	<i>Handel.</i>
Song. Come, Divine Inspirer (<i>Joseph</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
Sacrifice Scene (<i>King Arthur</i>)	<i>Purcell.</i>

A C T II.

4th Overture, Op. 10 th .	<i>Martini.</i>
Chorus. From Harmony (<i>Dryden's Ode</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
Song. O fiero e rio (<i>Justin</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
8th Concerto.	<i>Corelli.</i>
Air and Chorus. In sweetest Harmony (<i>Saul</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
Duet. As steals the Morn (<i>L' Allegro</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
Chorus. Gird on thy Sword (<i>Saul</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>



A C T I.

RECIT. Mr. HARRISON.

Handel.

Samson. **T**HIS Day, a solemn Feast to Dagon held, relieves me from my Task of servile Toil; unwillingly their Superstition yields this Rest, to breathe Heav'n's Air fresh, blowing pure and sweet.

C H O R U S.

Awake, the Trumpets lofty sound,
The joyful sacred Festival comes round,
When Dagon, King of all the Earth, is crown'd.

A I R, Miss A B R A M S.

Ye Men of Gaza hither bring
The merry Pipe and pleasing String,
The solemn Hymn and chearful Song,
Be Dagon prais'd by ev'ry Tongue.

(4)

C H O R U S.

Awake, the Trumpets lofty sound,
The joyful sacred Festival comes round,
When Dagon, King of all the Earth, is crown'd.

M A D R I G A L.

Ford.

FAIR, sweet, cruel, why dost thou fly me?
Go not, oh! go not from thy dearest;
Tho' thou dost hasten I am nigh thee,
When thou seemest far, then I am nearest:
O! tarry then, and take me with thee.
Fie, fie sweetest, here is no Danger,
Fly not, oh! fly not, Love pursues thee;
I am no Foe, nor hostile Stranger,
Thy Scorn with fresher Hope renews me:
O! tarry then, and take me with thee.

S O N G, Mr. H A R R I S O N.

Hasse.

NON negar di darmi pace,
Nel dolor che mi tormenta,
Dal tuo labbro fà ch'io senta
Che non godi al mio martir.

(5)

Troppo o Dio crudel tu fei,
Se a mie lagrime non credi
Se lo stato in cui mi vedi,
Non ti desta alcun sospir.

Da Capo.

S O N G, Miss H A R W O O D.

Handel.

COME, Divine Inspirer, come,
Make my humble Breast thy Home;
Draw the Curtain from mine Eye,
And present place Futurity.
Thus whilst I o'er Pharaoh's Dream,
Bright Interpretation beam,
Pharaoh's self shall Temples raise,
And Egypt, Incense to thy Praise.

Da Capo.

P R I E S T.

Purcell.

WODEN, first to thee
A Milk-white Steed, in Battle won,
We have sacrific'd.

C H O R U S.

We have sacrific'd.

(6)

P R I E S T.

Let our next Oblation be
To THOR, thy thund'ring Son,
Of such another.

C H O R U S.

We have sacrific'd.

P R I E S T.

A Third (of Friezland Breed was he)
To WODEN's Wife, and THOR's Mother:
And now have aton'd all Three.

C H O R U S.

We have sacrific'd.

P R I E S T S.

The white Horse neighs aloud,
To WODEN Thanks we render;
To WODEN we have vow'd,
To WODEN, our Defender.

C H O R U S.

To WODEN Thanks we render;
To WODEN, our Defender.

(7)

P R I E S T.

The Lot is cast, and TANFAN pleas'd ;
Of mortal Cares you shall be eas'd.

C H O R U S.

Brave Souls, to be renown'd in Story,
Honour prizing,
Death despising,
Fame acquiring,
By expiring.
Die, and reap the Fruit of Glory.

P R I E S T.

I call ye all
To WODEN's Hall,
Your Temples round
With Ivy bound,
In Goblets crown'd,
And plenteous Bowls of burnish'd Gold ;
Where you shall laugh,
And dance, and quaff,
The Juice that makes the Britons bold.

(8)

C H O R U S.

**To WODEN's Hall,
All, all, all,
Where, in plenteous Bowls of burnish'd Gold,
We shall laugh,
And dance, and quaff
The Juice that makes the Britons bold.**



A C T II.

C H O R U S.

Handel.

FROM Harmony,
From Heav'nly Harmony,
This universal Frame began ;
Thro' all the Compass of the Notes it ran,
The Diapason closing full in Man.

S O N G, Miss A B R A M S.

Handel.

O Fiero, e rio sospetto,
Taci per poco ancora,
E lascia che favelli
Solo d'amante il cor.

Quel bel che m'innamora,
Segui ad amar costante,
Ne creder che rubelli,
Sian gl'altri a'un fido amor.

S O N G, Mifs H A R W O O D.

Handel.

IN sweetest Harmony they liv'd,
Nor Death their Union could divide;
The pious Son ne'er left his Father's Side,
But him defending, bravely died;
A Loss too great to be survived.
For Saul ye Maids of Israel mourn,
To whose indulgent Care
You owe the Scarlet and the Gold you wear,
And all the Pomp in which your Beauty long has shone.

C H O R U S.

Oh! fatal Day, how low the Mighty lye!
Oh! Jonathan, how nobly didst thou die!
For thy King and Country slain.

(II)

S O L O.

For thee my Brother Jonathan,
How great is my Distress;
What Language can my Grief express;
Great was the Pleasure I enjoy'd in thee,
And more than Woman's Love thy wond'rous Love to me.

C H O R U S.

Oh ! fatal Day, how low the Mighty lye !
Where, Israel, is thy Glory fled ?
Spoil'd of thy Arms, and sunk in Infamy,
How canst thou raise again thy drooping Head ?

DUET, Miss HARWOOD and Mr. HARRISON.

Handel.

AS steals the Morn upon the Night,
And melts the Shades away,
So Truth doth Fancy's Charms dissolve,
And rising Reason puts to Flight
The Fumes that did the Mind involve,
Restoring intellectual Day.

C H O R U S.

Handel.

GIRD on thy Sword thou Man of Might,
 Pursue thy wonted Fame;
 Go on, be prosperous in Fight,
 Retrieve the Hebrew Name.
 Thy strong Right Hand, with Terror arm'd,
 Shall thy obdurate Foes dismay;
 While others, by thy Virtue charm'd,
 Shall crowd to own thy righteous Sway.

F I N I S.



Under the Direction of Sir *W. W. Wynne*,
Bart. for the Right Hon. *H. Morice*.

Monday, March 8th, 1784.

Concert of Antient M U S I C.

A C T I.

Overture, Saul.	<i>Handel.</i>
Madrigal. Flora gave me.	<i>Wilbye.</i>
Song. As with rosy Steps (<i>Theodora</i>)	} <i>Handel.</i>
Duet. Tu caro fei (<i>Sofarmes</i>)	
Song. Sorge infausta (<i>Orlando</i>)	
Anthem. O come let us sing unto the Lord.	

A C T II.

5th Grand Concerto.	} <i>HANDEL.</i>
Song. Gentle Airs (<i>Athalia</i>)	
Chorus. See the proud Chief (<i>Deborah</i>)	
6th Grand Concerto.	
Song. S'è tuo piacer.	
Recit. But bright Cecilia	} (<i>Dryden's</i>
Last Chorus. As from the Pow'r	



A C T I.

Wilbye.

FLORA gave me fairest Flowers,
None so fair in Flora's Treasure ;
These I plac'd in Phillis's Bowers,
She was pleas'd, and she's my Pleasure.
Smiling Meadows seem to say,
Come ye Wantons here to play.

A I R, Miss H A R W O O D.

Handel.

AS with rosy Steps the Morn,
Advancing, drives the Shades of Night ;
So from virtuous Toils well born,
Raife thou our Hopes of endless Light.
Triumphant Saviour ! Lord of Day !
Thou art the Life, the Light, the Way.

Da Capo.

(4)

C H O R U S.

Come, mighty Father, mighty Lord,
With Love our Souls inspire ;
While Grace and Truth flow from thy Word,
And feed the holy Fire.

D U E T, The Mifs A B R A M S.

Handel.

TU Caro fei il dolce mio Teforo
E fai perchè
Si cara, perche mio ben t'adoro
Sai la mia fè.
Per te gli affetti miei eftinguer mai potrei,
Si caro voi che il mio gran martiro
Fedel ti fè.
D'un alma amante
Più cofiante mai fi vide
T'abbraccio in quefto feno
Di Gioia vengo meno
Sia eterno amore, nel noftro core ;
Per me ;
Per te.

Da Capo.

(5)

SONG, Signor T A S C A.

Handel.

SORGE infausta una Procella
Che oscurar fa il Cielo e'l mare
Splende fausta poi la stella
Ch' ogni cor ne fa goder.
Può tallor il forte errare,
Ma risorto dall' errore
Quel che pria gli diè dolore
Causa immenso il suo piacer.

Da Capo.

C H O R U S.

Handel.

O Come let us sing unto the Lord, let us heartily rejoice in the Strength of our Salvation. Let us come before his Presence with Thanksgiving, and shew ourselves glad in him with Psalms. For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all Gods.

A 1 R.

O come let us worship and fall down, and kneel before the Lord our Maker ; for he is the Lord our God, and we are the People of his Pasture, and the Sheep of his Hand.

Glory and Worship are before him, Power and Honour are in his Sanctuary.

(6)

A I R and C H O R U S.

Tell it out among the Heathen that the Lord is King, and that he made the World so fast, that it cannot be moved.

A I R.

O magnify the Lord, and worship him upon his holy Hill, for the Lord our God is holy.

A I R.

The Lord preserveth the Souls of his Saints ; he shall deliver them from the Ungodly.

C H O R U S.

There is sprung up a Light for the Righteous, and joyful Gladness for such as are true of Heart. Rejoice in the Lord ye Righteous.



A C T II.

A I R, Mr. H A R R I S O N. *Handel.*

GENTLE Airs, melodious Strains,
Call for Raptures out of Woe;
Lull the regal Mourners Pains,
Sweetly sooth her as you flow.

Da Capo.

C H O R U S. *Handel.*

SEE the proud Chief advances now,
With fullen March and gloomy Brow.
Jacob arise, assert thy God,
And scorn Oppression's Iron Rod.

S O N G, Miss A B R A M S, Sen. *Handel.*

S'È tuo piacer ch'io mora
Vado a morir, Irene
Vado a piacerti sì.

(8)

Ricordati però, che morto ancor
Sarò fedel al tuo rigor,
Che il cor m'incenerì.

RECIT. accomp. Miss HARWOOD.

Handel.

BUT bright Cecilia rais'd the Wonder high,
When to her Organ vocal Breath was giv'n ;
An Angel heard, and straight appear'd,
Mistaking Earth for Heaven.

AIR and CHORUS.

As from the Pow'r of sacred Lays,
The Spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's Praise
To all the Bless'd above.
So when the last and dreadful Hour,
This crumbling Pageant shall devour,
The Trumpet shall be heard on high.

FULL CHORUS.

The Dead shall live, the Living die,
And Music shall untune the Sky.

F I N I S.



Under the Direction of Sir *Watkin Williams*
Wynn, Bart.

Monday, March 15th, 1784.

Concert of Antient M U S I C.

A C T I.

5th Concerto Grosso.	<i>Martini.</i>
Song. Io di mia man (<i>Choice of Hercules</i>)	<i>Hasse.</i>
Song. Parto sì (<i>Flavius</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
Part of Belshazzar (an <i>Oratorio</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>

A C T II.

Overture, <i>Esther</i> .	<i>Handel.</i>
Song. Nel riposo (<i>Deidamia</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
Chorus. Ye Sons of Israel (<i>Joshua</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
Song. Dirti ben mio.	<i>Leo.</i>
5th Concerto.	<i>Gem. Corelli.</i>
Duet. What's sweeter than the new-blown Rose (<i>Joseph</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
Gloria Patri (<i>Jubilate</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>

12345



1841

Consent of Applicant

Part of Belshazzar (in German)
Song. Parto al (Allegretto)
Song. Io di mia man (Grove of Hercules)
5th Concerto Grosso
Missa

ET A

Glenn Paul (Violins)
Rolf (Viola)
Dor. What's sweeter than the new-blown
5th Concerto, by J. S. Bach, Corelli.

A C T I.

SONG, Miss ABRAMS.

Hasse.

Io di mia man la fronte
T'adornerò d'allori,
Tergerne i bei fudori
Io di mia man saprò.
Piane le vie scoscese,
Certe le dubbie imprese,
Piacevoli gli affanni
Sempre ti renderò.

Da Capo.

SONG, Mr. HARRISON.

Handel.

PARTO sì ma non so poi,
Come a te sposa gradito
Questo sen ritornerà.
Io Già scorgo avverso fato
Contro noi di strali armato,
Mà non so poi che farà.

Da Capo.

PART OF BELSHAZZAR, AN ORATORIO.

R E C I T. accomp. Mr. H A R R I S O N.

Handel.

VA I N fluctuating State of Human Empire !
 First small and weak it scarcely rears its Head,
 Scarce stretching out its helpless Infant Arms,
 Implores Protection of its neighbour States,
 Who nurse it to their Hurt. Anon it strives
 For Pow'r and Wealth, and spurns at Opposition.
 Arriv'd to full Maturity it grasps
 At all within its Reach, o'erleaps all Bounds,
 Robs, ravages and wastes the frightened World.
 At length grown old, and swell'd to Bulk enormous,
 The Monster in its proper Bowels feeds
 Pride, Luxury, Corruption, Perfidy,
 Contention, fell Diseases of a State,
 That prey upon her Vitals. Of her Weakness
 Some other rising Power Advantage takes,
 (Unequal Match !) plies with repeated Strokes
 Her infirm aged Trunk : She nods—the totters—
 She falls—alas ! never to rise again.
 The Victor State upon her Ruins rais'd,
 Runs the same shadowy Round of fancy'd Greatness,
 Meets the same certain End.

A I R, Mr. H A R R I S O N.

Thou, God most high, and Thou alone
 Unchang'd for ever dost remain:
 Through boundless Space extends thy Throne,
 Through all Eternity thy Reign.
 As nothing in thy Sight
 The reptile Man appears,
 Howe'er imagin'd Great:
 Who can impair thy Might:
 In Heav'n or Earth who dares
 Dispute thy Pow'r?—Thy Will is Fate. *Da Capo.*

C H O R U S.

Behold by Persia's Hero made
 In ample Form the strong Blockade!
 How broad the Ditch!—How deep it falls!
 What lofty Tow'rs o'erlook the Walls!
 Hark, Cyrus,—Twenty Times the Sun
 Round the great Year his Course shall run:—
 If there so long thy Army stay,
 Not yet to Dogs and Birds a Prey,
 No Succour from without arrive,
 Within remain no Means to live,
 We then may think it Time to treat,
 And Babylon capitulate.
 A tedious Time!—to make it short,
 Thy wise Attempt will find us Sport!

R E C I T. Mr. C H A M P N E S S.

Gobryas. Well may they laugh, from meagre Famine safe
 In plenteous Stores for more than Twenty Years;
 From all Assault secure in Gates of Brass,
 And Walls stupendous; in Euphrates' Depth
 Yet more secure.

Mr. H A R R I S O N.

Cyrus. 'Tis that Security
 Shall aid me to their Ruin. I tell thee, *Gobryas*,
 I will revenge thy Wrongs upon the Head
 Of this inhuman King.

R E C I T. accompanied.

Gobryas. O Memory
 Still bitter to my Soul!—methinks I see
 My Son, the best, the loveliest of Mankind,
 Whose filial Love and Duty, above all Sons,
 Made me above all other Fathers happy;
 I see him breathless at the Tyrant's Feet,
 The Victim of his Envy!

A I R, Miss H A R W O O D.

Oppress'd with never ceasing Grief,
 I drag a painful weary Life,

Of all that made Life sweet bereft ;
No Hope but in Revenge is left.

A I R, M^{rs} A B R A M S, Senior.

Dry those unavailing Tears ;
Haste your just Revenge to speed ;
I'll disperse your gloomy Fears,
Dawning Hope shall soon succeed.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Cyrus. Be comforted ; safe tho' the Tyrant seem
Within those Walls, I have a Stratagem
Inspir'd by Heav'n, (Dreams oft descend from Heav'n)
Shall baffle all his Strength ; so strong my Mind
Th' Impression bears, I cannot think it less.

R E C I T. accompanied.

Methought, as on the Banks of deep Euphrates,
I stood revolving, in my anxious Mind,
Our arduous Enterprize, a Voice divine,
In Thunder utter'd, to the Bottom seem'd
To pierce the River's Depth : The lofty Tow'rs
Of yon proud City trembling bow'd their Heads,
As they would kiss the Ground. " Thou Deep, it said,
" Be dry." No more, but instant, at the Word,

The Stream forfook his Banks, and in a Moment
 Left bare his oozy Bed. Amaz'd I stood :
 Horror, till then unknown, uprais'd my Hair,
 And froze my falt'ring Tongue. The Voice renew'd :
 " Cyrus, go on and conquer : 'Tis I that rais'd thee,
 " I will direct thy Way. Build thou my City,
 " And without Ransom set my Captives free."

RECITATIVE.

Cyrus. Now tell me, Gobryas, does not this Euphrates
 Flow through the Midst of Babylon ?

Gobryas. It does.

Cyrus. And I have heard you say, that on the West,
 A monstrous Lake on ev'ry Side extended
 Four Hundred Furlongs, while the Banks were made,
 Receiv'd th' exhausted River.

Gobryas. 'Tis most true.

Cyrus. Might not we then
 By the same Means now drain Euphrates dry,
 And through its Channel march into the City ?

Gobryas. Suppose this done ; yet still the brazen Gates,
 Which from the City to the River lead,
 Will bar our Passage, always shut by Night,
 When we must make th' Attempt. Could we suppose

Those Gates unshut, we might indeed ascend
With Ease into the City.

Cyrus. Said you not,
This is the Feast to Sefach consecrate ;
And that the Babylonians spend the Night
In drunken Revels, and in loose Disorder ?

Gobryas. They do ; and 'tis Religion to be drunk
On this Occasion.

A I R, Mr. C H A M P N E S S.

Behold the monstrous Human Beast
Wallowing in excessive Feast !
No more his Maker's Image found :
But self-degraded to a Swine,
He fixes grov'ling on the Ground
His Portion of the Breath Divine.

Da Capo.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Cyrus. Can you then think it strange, if drown'd in Wine,
And from above infatuate, they neglect
The Means of their own Safety ?
My Friend be confident, and boldly enter
Upon this high Exploit. No little Cause
We have to hope Success ; since not unjustly
We have attack'd, but being first attack'd,

We have pursu'd th' Aggressor. Add to this,
That I proceed in nothing with Neglect
Of Pow'r Divine : Whate'er I undertake,
I still begin with God, and gain his Favour
By Sacrifice and Prayer.

C H O R U S.

All Empires upon God depend :
Begun by his Command, at his Command they end.
Look up to him in all your Ways ;
Begin with Pray'r, and end with Praise.

A I R, Miss A B R A M S, Junior.

O sacred Oracles of Truth !
O living Spring of purest Joy !
By Day be ever in my Mouth,
And all my nightly Thoughts employ.
Whoe'er with-hold Attention due,
Neglect themselves, despising you.

Da Capo.

R E C I T. accomp. Mr. D Y N E.

Daniel. Rejoice, my Countrymen : The Time draws near,
The long expected Time herein foretold,
Seek now the Lord your God with all your Heart,
And you shall surely find him. He shall turn
Your long Captivity : he shall gather you

From all the Nations whither you are driven,
And to your native Land in Peace restore you.

RECITATIVE.

For long ago,
Whole Ages e'er this Cyrus yet was born
Or thought of, Great Jehovah, by his Prophet,
In Words of Comfort to his captive People,
Foretold, and call'd by Name the wondrous Man.

RECIT. accompanied.

Thus faith the Lord to Cyrus his Anointed,
Whose Right Hand I have holden, to subdue
Nations before him : I will go before thee,
To loose the strong-knit Loins of mighty Kings,
Make straight the crooked Places, break in Pieces
The Gates of solid Brass, and cut in funder
The Bars of Iron. For my Servants Sake,
If'el my Chosen, though thou hast not known me,
I have furnam'd thee : I have girded thee :
That from the rising to the setting Sun
The Nations may confess, I am the Lord,
There is none else, there is no God besides me.
Thou shalt perform my Pleasure, to Jerusalem
Saying, Thou shalt be built ; and to the Temple,
Thy raz'd Foundation shall again be laid.

C H O R U S.

Sing, O ye Heavens, for the Lord hath done it :
Earth, from thy Center shout :
Break forth, ye Mountains, into Songs of Joy,
O Forest, and each Tree therein,
For the Lord hath done it.
Jehovah hath redeemed Jacob,
And glorify'd himself in Israel.

HALLELUJAH! AMEN.



A C T II.

SONG, Signor T A S C A.

Handel.

NEL riposo, nel contento
Godo, e fento
Lieve il peso dell' età.
E la vita mia contenta
Lieta, e lenta
Alla meta se nevà.

Da Capo.

CHORUS in J O S H U A.

Handel.

YE Sons of Irael, every Tribe attend,
Let grateful Songs and Hymns to Heaven ascend ;
In Gilgal, and on Jordan's Banks proclaim
One First, one Great, one Lord Jehovah's Name.

SONG, Miss HARWOOD.

Leo.

DIRTI ben mio vorrei
Che l'Idol mio tu sei,
Che t'amo,
Che t'adoro
Ma non lo posso dir.
Io t'amerò celando
Il mio crudel martoro
Andrai tu lusingando
L'occulto tuo martir.

Da Capo.

DUET, The Miss ABRAMS.

Handel.

WHAT's sweeter than the new-blown Rose?
Or Breezes from the new-mown Close?
What's sweeter than April Morn?
Or May Day's silver fragrant Thorn?
What than Arabia's spicy Grove?
O sweeter far the Breath of Love.

(15)

C H O R U S.

Handel.

GLORY be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.

As it was in the Beginning, is now, and ever shall be,
World without End. Amen.

F I N I S.

Be
C. H. O. R. U. S.

As it was in the Beginning, is now, and ever shall be.
Holy Ghost.

World without End.



Under the Direction of Sir *Richard Febb*, Bt.

Monday, March 22d, 1784.

Concert of Antient M U S I C.

A C T I.

Overture, *Berenice*. *Handel.*

Glee. Gently touch the warbling Lyre. *Geminiani.*

Song. *Se non ti fai spiegar (Parthenope)* *Handel.*

Air and Chorus. Softly rise (*Solomon*) *Dr. Boyce.*

1st Concerto, Op. 3^{za}. *Geminiani.*

Pfalm, Verse, & Chorus. O Lord our Governor. *Marcello.*

Trio. The Flocks shall (*Acis and Galatea*) *Handel.*

Chorus. Hallelujah, for the Lord (*Messiah*) *Handel.*

A C T II.

7th Overture, Op. 7^{ma}. *Martini.*

Song. *Il cor mio (Alexander)* *Handel.*

Chorus. He smote all the First-born of
Egypt (*Israel in Egypt*) *Handel.*

Canzonet. Haste, my Nannette. *Travers.*

4th Concerto, Op. 4^{ta}. *Avison.*

Song. *Rasserena il mesto ciglio.* *Gluck.*

Chorus. Worthy is the Lamb (*Messiah*) *Handel.*

Under the Direction of Sir Richard D'Oyly Carte

and



Concert of Artistic Music

ACT I

Overture, Benvenuto
Glee. Gently touch the warbling lyre
Song. Be not so fastidious
Air and Chorus. Behold the (Savanna)
1st Concerto, Op. 2nd
Flemish Veil, Chorus. O Lord our Governor, Hark!
Two. The Flute's call (Solo and Chorus)
Chorus. Hallelujah, for the Lord (Soprano)

ACT II

2nd Overture, Op. 7th
Song. Hark into (Alexander)
Chorus. He smote all the High-boys of
Egypt (Solo and Chorus)
Canoncel. Hark, my Natures
3rd Concerto, Op. 4th
Song. Rastema il melle chio
Chorus. Worthy is the Lord (Allegro)

A C T I.

G L E E.

Geminiani.

GENTLY touch the warbling Lyre,
Chloe seems inclin'd to rest;
Fill her Soul with fond Desire,
Softest Notes will sooth her Breast.
Pleasing Dreams assist in Love,
Let them all propitious prove.

S O N G, Miss H A R W O O D.

Handel.

SE non ti fai spiegar
Lagnati sol di te,
Pace se vuoi trovar
Sappi cercar mercè.

Da Capo.

(4)

A I R, Mr. H A R R I S O N.

Dr. Boyce.

SOFTLY rise, O southern Breeze,
And kindly fan the blooming Trees ;
Upon my spicy Garden blow,
That Sweets from ev'ry Part may flow.

C H O R U S.

Ye southern Breezes gently blow,
That Sweets from ev'ry Part may flow.

Miss H A R W O O D.

Marcello.

O Lord our Governor, how excellent is thy Name, in all
the World.

Thou, O Jehovah, hast set thy Glory above the Heavens.

Da Capo.

(5)

T R I O,

Miss HARWOOD, Mr. HARRISON and Mr. CHAMPNESS.

Handel.

ACIS, GALATEA, AND POLYPHEME.

Acis and Gal. **T**HE Flocks shall leave the Mountains,
The Woods the Turtle Dove,
The Nymphs forsake the Fountains,
Ere I forsake my Love.

Polypheme. Torture ! Fury ! Rage ! Despair !
I cannot, cannot, cannot bear.

Acis and Gal. Not Show'rs to Larks more pleasing,
Nor Sunshine to the Bee ;
Not Sleep to Toil so easing,
As these dear Smiles to me.

Polypheme. Fly swift, thou massy Ruin, fly :
Die, presumptuous Acis, die.

C H O R U S.

Handel.

HALLELUJAH, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth ;
the Kingdom of this World is become the Kingdom of our
Lord, and of his Christ, and he shall reign for ever and ever,
King of Kings, and Lord of Lords. Hallelujah.

A C T II.

SONG, Miss ABRAMS.

Handel.

IL cor mio ch' è già per te
Tutto amore, e tutto fè,
Con più gloria tornerà,
Ma non già
Più amoroso è più fedel.
Per mercede, per onor
Del affetto, è del valor,
Spera sol che tua beltà
Gli farà
Men ritrosa, è men crudel.

Da Capo.

C H O R U S.

Handel.

HE smote all the First-born of Egypt, the Chief of all their Strength. But as for his People he led them forth like Sheep. He brought them out with Silver and Gold, there was not one feeble Person in all their Tribes.

CANZONET, Miss HARWOOD and Mr. CHAMPNESS.

Travers.

HASTE, my Nannette, my lovely Maid,
 Haste to the Bower thy Swain has made ;
 For thee alone I made the Bower,
 And strew'd the Couch with many a Flower.
 None but my Sheep shall near us come ;
 Venus be prais'd, my Sheep are dumb.
 Great God of Love, take thou my Crook,
 To keep the Wolf from Nannette's Flock.
 Guard thou the Sheep to her so dear ;
 My own, alas ! are less my Care.
 But of the Wolf if thou'rt afraid,
 Come not to us to call for Aid :
 For with her Swain my Love shall stay,
 Tho' the Wolf stroll, and the Sheep stray.

SONG, Mr. HARRISON.

Gluck.

RASSERENA il mesto ciglio,
 Non è ver, non vado a morte ;
 Vò con lieta, e fausta forte
 Il mio fato ad incontrar.

Tu mi ferba la costanza,
Questa solo è la speranza
Che mi porta a giubilar.

Da Capo.

C H O R U S.

Handel.

WORTHY is the Lamb that was slain, and hath redeemed us to God by his Blood, to receive Power, and Riches, and Wisdom, and Strength, and Honour, and Glory, and Blessing.

Blessing, and Honour, Glory, and Power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the Throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever. Amen.

F I N I S.



Under the Direction of the Earl of *Exeter*.

Monday, March 29th, 1784.

Concert of Antient M U S I C.

A C T I.

2d Overture.

Martini.

Glee. Canst thou love and live alone. *T. Ravenscroft.*

Song. Mentre Dormi.

Pergolesi.

5th Concerto, Op. 4^{ta}.

Avison.

Recit. accomp. Comfort ye

Air. Every Valley

Chorus. And the Glory

Duet. A Teneri affetti (*Otho*)

Chorus. O Father (*Judas Macchabæus*)

(*Messiah*)

Handel.

Handel.

Handel.

A C T II.

10th Concerto.

Corelli.

Canzonet. Diffi all'amata mia.

Luca Marenzio.

Recit. & Song. Heart, thou Seat

Chorus. Galatea, dry thy Tears

(*Acis and*

Galatea)

Handel.

5th Concerto, Op. 2^{da}.

Geminiani.

Song. Scherza in mar (*Lotharius*)

Handel.

Chorus. He gave them Hailstones for Rain,

(*Israel in Egypt*)

Handel.

Under the Direction of the Hall of Faversham
Concert of Anti-Masonic



ACT I

2d Overture
Glee: Can't thou love and live alone. T. Kearsley
Song: My Love's Dream
1st Concerto, Op. 27
Recit. & Accomp. (Piano)
All: Every Valley
Chorus: And the Glory
Duet: A Tender Heart
Chorus: O Father (And Mother)

ACT II

10th Concerto
Canzonet: Dill all an'ner min
Recit. & Song: Heart, thou'st been (Kiss and)
Chorus: Galsies, the thy heart
25th Concerto, Op. 27
Song: Scherzo in tan (Pianissimo)
Chorus: He gave them happiness for pain
Duet in E-flat

A C T I.

C A N Z O N E T.

T. Ravenscroft.

CANST thou love and live alone,

Love is so disgrac'd,

Pleasure is best,

When you can rest

In a Heart embrac'd.

Rise Day-light, do not burn out,

Bells now ring,

And Birds do sing,

'Tis only I that mourn out.

Morning Star doth now appear,

Wind is hush'd, and Sky is clear,

Come away, canst thou love,

Then burn out Day.

Rise Day-light, do not burn out,

Bells now ring,

And Birds do sing,

'Tis only I that mourn out.

S O N G, Miss A B R A M S.

Pergolesi.

MENTRE Dormi amor fomenti
Il piacer de, sonni tuoi
Coll' Idea del mio piacer.
Abbia il rio passi più lenti
E sospenda i moti suoi
Ogni zeffiro leggier.

Da Capo.

R E C I T. accomp. Mr. H A R R I S O N.

Handel.

COMFORT ye, comfort ye, my People, saith your God ;
speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her, that her
Warfare is accomplished, that her Iniquity is pardoned.

The Voice of him that crieth in the Wilderness, prepare ye
the Way of the Lord; make straight in the Desert a Highway
for our God.

S O N G.

Every Valley shall be exalted, and every Mountain and Hill
made low, the crooked straight, and the rough Places plain.

C H O R U S.

And the Glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all Flesh
shall see it together, for the Mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

(5)

D U E T, The Miss A B R A M S.

Handel.

A Teneri affetti,
Il cor s'abbandoni.
Al duolo perdoni
Chi gode così.
Condisce il diletto,
Memoria di pene,
Ne sa che sia bene,
Chi mal non soffrì.

Da Capo.

C H O R U S.

Handel.

O Father, whose Almighty Pow'r,
The Heav'n and Earth, and Seas adore :
The Hearts of Judah, thy Delight,
In one defensive Band unite ;
And grant a Leader, bold and brave,
If not to conquer, born to save.



A C T II.

C A N Z O N E T.

Luca Marenzio.

DISSI all'amata mia
Lucida stella
Che più d'ogn' altra luce
Ed al mio cor adduce
Fiamme strali è catene,
Ch'ogn' hor mi danno pene;
Deh moriro cor mio?
Si morirai, morrò,
Ma non per mio desio.

R E C I T. Miss H A R W O O D.

Handel.

'TIS done: Thus I exert my Pow'r divine;
Be thou immortal, though thou art not mine.

(7)

A I R.

Heart, thou Seat of soft Delight !
Be thou now a Fountain bright ;
Purple be no more thy Blood,
Glide thou like a chrystal Flood :
Rock, thy hollow Womb disclose
The bubbling Fountain, lo ! it flows,
Through the Plains he joys to rove,
Murm'ring still his gentle Love.

C H O R U S.

Galatea, dry thy Tears :
Acis now a God appears ;
See how he rears him from his Bed ;
See the Wreath that binds his Head ;
Hail ! thou gentle murm'ring Stream,
Shepherd's Pleasure, Muses Theme ;
Through the Plain still Joy to rove,
Murm'ring still thy gentle Love.

S O N G, Mr. H A R R I S O N.

Handel.

SCHERZA in mar la navicella,
Mentre ride aura seconda :

(8)

Ma se poi fiera procella
Turba il ciel sconvolge l'onda
Va perduta a naufragar.
Non così questo mio core
Cederà d'un empia sorte
Allo sdegno ed al furore
Che per anco in faccia a morte
Sò da grande trionfar.

Da Capo.

C H O R U S.

Handel.

HE gave them Hailstones for Rain; Fire, mingled with
the Hail, ran along upon the Ground.

F I N I S.

✉ The next Concert is, on Account of the Dissolution of Parlia-
ment, put off 'till MONDAY, APRIL the 26th.



Under the Direction of the Earl of *Exeter*,
for the Earl of *Sandwich*.

Monday, April 26th, 1784.

Concert of Antient M U S I C.

A C T I.

Overture, Samson.	<i>Handel.</i>
Glee. Sogno, ma te non miro.	<i>Trajetta.</i>
Song. Sempre dolci ed amorose (<i>Berenice</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
2d Concerto, Op. 4 ^{ta} .	<i>Avison.</i>
Song. Vil Trofeo (<i>Porus</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
Anthem. As pants the Hart.	<i>Handel.</i>

A C T II.

1st Concerto, Op. 5 ^{ta} .	<i>Martini.</i>
Glee. Fair, 'sweet, cruel.	<i>Ford.</i>
Chorus. Ye Sons of Israel (<i>Joshua</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
2d Concerto, Op. 2 ^{da} .	<i>Geminiani.</i>
Song. Non so d'onde vieni.	<i>Bach.</i>
Duet and Chorus. Oh, never bow we down (<i>Judas Macchabæus</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>



A C T I.

G L E E.

Trajetta.

SOGNO, ma te non miro
Sempre ne' sogni miei ;
Mi desto, e tu non fei
Il primo mio pensier ;
Lungi da te m'aggiro
Senza bramarti mai
Son teco, e non mi fai
Nè pena nè piacer.

S O N G, Miss A B R A M S.

Handel.

SEMPRE dolci ed amorose,
Non vi voglio O Luci amate.
Anco irate mi piacete

(4)

Voi non fiete men vezzose
Men vivaci e lusinghiere
Quando fiere vi volgete.

S O N G, M r. H A R R I S O N.

Handel.

V I L Trofeo d'un alma imbelle
E quel ciglio allor che piange ;
Io non venni infino al Gange
Le Donzelle a debellar.
Ho roffor di quegli allori
Che non han frà miei fudori
Comminciato a germogliar.

Da Capo.

✓ V E R S E and C H O R U S.

Handel.

A S pants the Hart for cooling Streams, so longs my Soul
for Thee, O God.

A I R.

Tears are my daily Food, while thus they fay, Where is
now thy God?

5

(5)

R E C I T. accomp.

Now when I think thereupon, I pour out my Heart by myself ; for I went with the Multitude, and brought them out into the House of God.

C H O R U S.

In the Voice of Praise and Thanksgiving, among such as keep Holiday.

D U E T.

Why so full of Grief, O my Soul ; why so disquieted within me ?

A I R and C H O R U S.

Put thy Trust in God, for I will praise him.



A C T II.

Ford.

FAIR, sweet, cruel, why dost thou fly me?
Go not, oh! go not from thy dearest;
Tho' thou dost hasten I am nigh thee,
When thou seemest far, then I am nearest:
O! tarry then, and take me with thee.
Fie, fie sweetest, here is no Danger,
Fly not, oh! fly not, Love pursues thee;
I am no Foe, nor hostile Stranger,
Thy Scorn with fresher Hope renews me:
O! tarry then, and take me with thee.

C H O R U S in J O S H U A.

Handel.

YE Sons of Israel, every Tribe attend,
Let grateful Songs and Hymns to Heaven ascend;
In Gilgal, and on Jordan's Banks proclaim
One First, one Great, one Lord Jehovah's Name.

(7)

SONG, Mr. HARRISON.

Bach.

NON fò d'onde viene
Quel tenero affetto
Quel moto che ignoto
Mi nasce nell petto ;
Quel gel che le vene
Scorrendo mi v`a.
Nel seno a destarmi
Si fieri contrasti
Non par mi che basti
La sola piet`a.

Da Capo.

D U E T, The Miss A B R A M S.

Handel.

OH, never bow we down,
To the rude Stock or sculptur'd Stone :
But ever worship Israel's God,
Ever obedient to his awful Nod.

(8)

C H O R U S.

We never will bow down
To the rude Stock or sculptur'd Stone;
We worship God, and God alone.

F I N I S.



(No. 11.)

Under the Direction of Sir *Watkin Williams*
Wynn, Bart.

Monday, May 3d, 1784.

Concert of Antient M U S I C.

A C T I.

Overture, Deidamia.	<i>Handel.</i>
Mufic of the Indian Queen.	<i>Purcell.</i>
4th Hautboy Concerto.	<i>Handel.</i>
Song. Vedeste mai ful prato (<i>Siroe</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
Duet. I'll proclaim (<i>Esther</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
Chorus. Immortal Lord (<i>Deborah</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>

A C T II.

1st Concerto.	<i>Corelli.</i>
Song. Ombra Cara (<i>Il Re Pastore</i>)	<i>Hasse.</i>
Funeral Anthem.	<i>Handel.</i>

Under the Direction of Sir Henry Williams
Wyma Bait

Monday, May 24, 1884

Concert of A. M. & C.



Overture, Deidamia
Music of the Indian Queen
4th Hanbury Concerto
Song, Vedaie mai lai piro (Siva)
Duet 1st Proclamation (Siva)
Chorus, Hymn to Lord (Deidamia)

ACT II

1st Concerto
Song, Ombra Gira (1st Proclamation)
Duet, Ombra Gira (1st Proclamation)
Chorus, Ombra Gira (1st Proclamation)

A C T I.

AIR and CHORUS, Mr. DYNE.

Purcell.

I COME to sing great Zempoalla's Story,
Whose beauteous Sight,
So charming bright,
Outshines the Lustre of Glory.

AIR, Mr. CHAMPNESS.

What flatt'ring Noise is this,
At which my Snakes all hiss?
I hate to see fond Tongues advance,
High as the Gods, the Slaves of Chance.

AIR and CHORUS, Mr. DYNE.

I come to sing great Zempoalla's Story,
Whose beauteous Sight,
So charming bright,
Outshines the Lustre of Glory.

RECIT. accomp. Mr. CHAMPNESS.

Ye twice Ten Hundred Deities,
To whom we daily sacrifice ;
Ye Pow'rs that dwell with Fate below,
And see what Men are doom'd to do ;
Where Elements in Discord dwell ;
Thou God of Sleep arise and tell,
Tell great Zempoalla what strange Fate
Must on her dismal Vision wait.

A I R.

By the croaking of the Toad,
In their Caves that makes Abode,
Earthy Dun that pants for Breath,
With her swell'd Sides full of Death.
By the crested Adder's Pride,
That along the Cliffs doth glide ;
By thy Visage fierce and black,
By the Death's-head on thy Back ;
By the twisted Serpents plac'd
For a Girdle round thy Waist ;
By the Hearts of Gold that deck
Thy Breast, thy Shoulders, and thy Neck,
From thy sleeping Mansion rise,
And open thy unwilling Eyes ;
While bubbling Springs their Music keep,
That use to lull thee in thy Sleep.

A I R, Mr. H A R R I S O N.

Seek not to know what must not be reveal'd,
Joys only flow where Fate is most conceal'd :
Too busy Man would find his Sorrows more,
If future Fortunes he shall know before ;
For by that Knowledge of his Destiny,
He wou'd not live at all, but always die.

R E C I T.

Enquire not then who shall from Bonds be freed,
Who 'tis shall wear a Crown, or who shall bleed.

A I R.

All must submit to their appointed Doom,
Fate and Misfortunes will too quickly come ;
Let me no more with pow'rful Charms be prest,
I am forbid by Fate to tell the rest.

D U E T, The Miss A B R A M S.

Ah ! how happy are we,
From human Passions free ;
Those wild Tenants of the Breast,
No, never can disturb our Rest ;
Yet we pity tender Souls,
Whom the Tyrant Love controuls.

Ah ! how happy, &c.

Da Capo.

DUET and CHORUS, The Miss ABRAMS.

We the Spirits of the Air,
That of human Things take care,
Out of Pity now descend,
To forewarn what Woes attend.

D U E T.

Greatness cloy'd with Scorn decays,
With the Slave no Empire stays.

C H O R U S.

We the Spirits, &c.

Da Capo.

D U E T.

Cease to languish then in vain,
Since never to be lov'd again.

C H O R U S.

We the Spirits, &c.

Da Capo.

SOLO VERSE, Miss HARWOOD.

I attempt from Love's Sickness to fly in vain,
Since I am myself my own Fever and Pain :

(7)

No more now fond Heart with Pride swell,
Thou canst not raise Forces enough to rebel. *Da Capo.*

C H O R U S.

We the Spirits, &c. *Da Capo.*

D U E T, The Miss A B R A M S.

Greatness cloy'd with Scorn decays,
With the Slave no Empire stays.

C H O R U S.

We the Spirits, &c. *Da Capo.*

D U E T.

Cease to languish then in vain,
Since never to be lov'd again.

C H O R U S.

We the Spirits of the Air,
That of human Things take care,
Out of Pity now descend,
To forewarn what Woes attend.

SONG, Mr. HARRISON.

VEDESTE mai ful prato

Cader la poggia estiva

Talor la Rosa avviva

Alla viola appresso

Figlie del prato istesso

E l'uno, e l'altro fiore

E dell' istesso umore

Che germogliar gli fa.

Il cor non è cangiato

Se accusa e se diffende

Una cagion m'accende

Di sdegno e di pietà.

Handel.

Da Capo.

DUET, Mr. HARRISON and Miss HARWOOD.

ILL proclaim the wond'rous Story

Of the Mercies I receive,

From the Day springs dawning Glory,

'Till the fading Day of Eve.

All the Blessings Heav'n is lending,

Will defend our grateful Lays ;

To his radiant Throne ascending,

Wafted on the Wings of Praise.

Handel.

In exalted Rapture joining,
We'll employ our happy Days;
All our grateful Pow'rs combining,
To declare his endless Praise.

C H O R U S.

Handel.

IMMORTAL Lord of Earth and Skies,
Whose Wonders all around us rise;
Whose Anger, when it awful glows,
To swift Perdition dooms thy Foes.
O grant a Leader to our Host,
Whose Name with Honour we may boast;
Whose Conduct may our Cause maintain,
And break our proud Oppressor's Chain.



A C T II.

SONG, Miss ABRAMS.

Haste.

OMBRA Cara,
Ombra tradita
Deh non più con spettri, e larve
Non turbar questa mia vita
Gia vicina à terminar.
A te presso nell' Eliso
Presso à te mio dolce sposo
Sol mi lice quel riposo
Ch' ò perduto ritrovar.

Da Capo.

Handel.

THE Ways of Sion do mourn, and she is in Bitterness: all her People sigh, and hang down their Heads to the Ground. How are the Mighty fallen! She that was great among the Nations, and Princess of the Provinces; how are the Mighty fallen!

She put on Righteousness, and it cloathed her; her Judgment was a Robe and a Diadem.

When the Ear heard her, then it blessed her; and when the Eye saw her, it gave Witness of her.

How are the Mighty fallen! She that was great among the Nations, and Princess of the Provinces; She delivered the Poor that cried, the Fatherless, and him that had none to help him.—Kindness, Meekness, and Comfort were in her Tongue; if there was any Virtue, and if there was any Praise, she thought on those Things.

The Righteous shall be had in everlasting Remembrance, and the Wise shall shine as the Brightness of the Firmament.

Their Bodies are buried in Peace; but their Name liveth evermore.

The merciful Goodness of the Lord endureth for ever on them that fear him, and his Righteousness on Children's Children.

F I N I S.

 *Such Persons as are desirous of continuing Subscribers to the Concerts of Antient Music, the next Year, are requested to send their Names, in Writing, to Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, Bart. St. James's-Square, on or before Monday the 24th of May, 1784.*



Under the Direction of the Earl of *Exeter*,
for Lord Viscount *Dudley* and *Ward*.

Monday, May 10th, 1784.

Concert of Antient M U S I C.

A C T I.

Overture, Ariadne.	<i>Handel.</i>
Glee. Now is the Month of Maying.	<i>Morley.</i>
Song. What tho' I trace (<i>Solomon</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
1 st Concerto, Op. 8 ^{ta} .	<i>Martini.</i>
Anthem. I will lift up mine Eyes.	<i>Weldon.</i>
Madrigal. When all alone.	<i>Gir. Converso.</i>
Duet and {Sion now her Head}	<i>Judas</i>
Chorus. {Tune your Harps }	<i>Macchabæus</i> <i>Handel.</i>

A C T II.

11 th Concerto.	<i>Corelli.</i>
Duet. T'amo fi.	<i>Handel.</i>
Song. Dall' amor.	<i>Porpora.</i>
Chorus. Fall'n is the Foe (<i>Judas Macchabæus</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
Song. Or che salvo.	<i>Perez.</i>
6 th Concerto.	<i>Ricciotti.</i>
Chorus. No more to Ammon's (<i>Jephtha</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>



A C T I.

Morley.

NOW is the Month of Maying,
And merry Lads are playing ;

Fa, la, la.

Each with his bonny Lads,
A dancing on the Grass.

Fa, la, la.

S O N G, Miss H A R W O O D.

Handel.

WHAT tho' I trace each Herb and Flower
That drinks the Morning Dew ;
Did I not own Jehovah's Power,
How vain were all I knew !

(4)

S O L O, Mr. H A R R I S O N.

Weldon.

I Will lift up mine Eyes unto the Hills, from whence cometh my Help.

C H O R U S.

My Help cometh of the Lord, who hath made Heaven and Earth.

S O L O.

He will not suffer thy Foot to be moved, and he that keepeth thee will not sleep.

Da Capo.

C H O R U S.

Behold he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

S O L O and C H O R U S.

The Lord shall preserve thee from all Evil, yea it is he that shall keep thy Soul.

Gir. Converso.

WHEN all alone my pretty Love was playing,
And I saw at a Gaze bright Phœbus staying,
Alas ! I feared there would be some betraying.

DUET and CHORUS, The Miss ABRAMS.

Handel.

SION now her Head shall raise,
Tune your Harps to Songs of Praise.



A C T II.

D U E T, The Miss A B R A M S.

Handel.

J. **T**'AMO fi farai tu quello
Solo caro solo bello
Al mio guardo ed al mio cor.

S. T'amo fi e più m'appago
Ch'aver foglio
Ch'esser vago
Se son caro al tuo bel' cor.

J. Te sol bramo

S. Te sol amo

Mio diletto

Tutto affetto

Both. Dolce meta del mio amor.

Da Capo.

S O N G, Mr. H A R R I S O N.

Porpora.

DALL' amor più sventurato
Gode il cor cangiando stato

Sente l'alma in questo istante
Già la calma che l'amante
Più costante sà bramar.
Và scherzando in gioco in riso
Con le grazie del bel viso
Che gl'affetti
Che i diletti
Sempre care fan tornar.
E l'amor più sventurato
Fan beato diventar.

D'ogni tormento
Che porge amore
Un sol contento
Quanto è maggiore
Paga un momento
Tutto il penar.
E l'amor più svenrurato
Fan beato diventar.

C H O R U S.

Handel.

FALL'N is the Foe,
So fall thy Foes, O Lord,
Where warlike Judas wields his righteous Sword.

(8)

SONG, *Missa* ABRAMS.

Perez.

OR ch'è salvo l'idol mio
E il suo cor ritrova calma
Ah perche non può quest' alma
Lieta in pace almen morir.
Varcherei L'eterno oblio
Nudo spirto ombra vagante
Ma con anima costante
Darei fine al mio martir.

Da Capo.

C H O R U S.

Handel.

NO more to Ammon's God and King,
Fierce Moloch shall our Cymbal's ring,
In dismal Dance around the Furnace blue,
Chemosh no more, will we adore,
With timbrell'd Anthems, to Jehovah due.

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